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# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

JULY-  
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EXPLORING *the* SUPERNATURAL!







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# KILROY *is* HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
TURVY!

## *The* KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY *Now!* LATCH ON TO  
**'NATCH**, THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET **JUDY**, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN... **JACKSON**, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND  
MOM AND **POP KILROY**, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE **ALL** ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND **MEAN IT**,



## Read *The* KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*



ON ALL  
STANDS

*and*

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**



# DEMON of DESTRUCTION

HERE IT IS, READER...THE MOST AMAZING STORY OF THE AGE...THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF HOW A DREAD **DEMON OF DESTRUCTION** STALKED THE EARTH ON HIS MAD, MURDEROUS RAMPAGE! BAR THE DOORS AND TURN THE LIGHTS LOW...FOR HE MAY BE COMING YOUR WAY!

IN THE LABORATORY OF DON BRADY, YOUNG ATOMIC PHYSICIST...

BLAST IT...MY CALCULATIONS CAME OUT WRONG AGAIN! I'M WORKING MYSELF INTO A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, TRYING TO HIT ON THE SINGLE FORMULA THAT WILL ENABLE ME TO PERFECT MY ATOMIC ENGINE...BUT IT ALWAYS ELUDES ME!

DON, DARLING... TELEGRAM!

THANKS, MARY...HMM, IT'S FROM MY GRANDUNCLE'S EXECUTOR...YOU KNOW, THE MAD CHARACTER WHO DIED LAST MONTH AFTER A LIFETIME OF DELVING INTO THE **SUPERNATURAL!** THE WIRE SAYS HE LEFT ME HIS HOUSE...  
**MYSTIC MANOR!**

OH, THAT ANCIENT, LONELY HOUSE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? I THINK IT'S THE **PERFECT** SPOT FOR YOU TO TAKE A REST IN, DON...TO GET AWAY FROM YOUR LAB FOR A WHILE!



“RIDICULOUS...WHAT GANE MAN WOULD WANT TO STAY IN THAT SPOOKY,BROKEN-DOWN PILE OF BRICKS?”

“BUT YOU'RE WORKING YOURSELF TO DEATH ON THAT INVENTION OF YOURS! YOU NEED A CHANGE, A REST...AND AFTER YOU COME BACK FROM YOUR VACATION AT MYSTIC MANOR, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO ATTACK YOUR WORK WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR!”



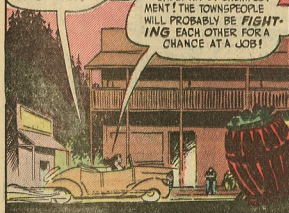
“ALL RIGHT, DEAREST...YOU'RE RIGHT, AS USUAL! I'LL HEAD UP THERE AND TRY TO FORGET MY ATOMIC ENGINE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COME ALONG AND HELP LOOK AFTER ME!”

“SWEETHEART...!”



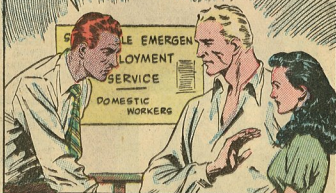
“THIS IS JONESVILLE, NEAREST TOWN TO MYSTIC MANOR...THINK I'LL STOP OFF HERE AND HIRE SOME SERVANTS TO OPEN UP THE PLACE FOR US!”

“THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY...THE PAPERS SAY THIS PART OF THE STATE HAS BEEN BADLY HIT BY UNEMPLOYMENT! THE TOWNSPEOPLE WILL PROBABLY BE FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR A CHANCE AT A JOB!”



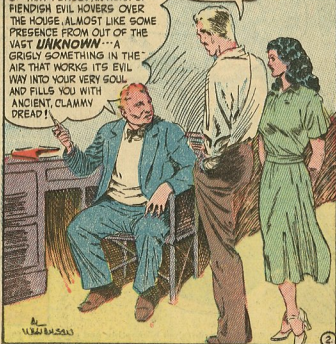
“MYSTIC MANOR? MISTER...I WOULDN'T DARE SEND ANYONE OUT TO THAT DEVIL-RIDDEN PLACE!”

“YOU MUST BE CRAZY! BUT IF YOU WON'T HELP ME, I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL IF I HAVE TO GO TO EVERY HOUSE IN TOWN!”



“MYSTIC MANOR? WELL, GIR, AS A PHYSICIAN I HATE TO ADMIT IT...BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAVE GOOD REASON TO BE TERRIFIED OF THAT PLACE! AN AURA OF FIENDISH EVIL HOVERS OVER THE HOUSE, ALMOST LIKE SOME PRESENCE FROM OUT OF THE VAST UNKNOWN...A GRISLY SOMETHING IN THE AIR THAT WORKS ITS EVIL WAY INTO YOUR VERY SOUL AND FILLS YOU WITH ANCIENT, CLAMMY DREAD!”

“THAT'S RIDICULOUS, DOCTOR...HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE?”



“BUT EVERYWHERE IN TOWN, THE SAME STRANGE TERROR!”

“I'D STARVE BEFORE I'D WORK IN THAT HOUSE OF DEMONS! GATAN HIMSELF IS MASTER THERE!”

“HAG THE WHOLE TOWN GONE MAD?...COME ON, MARY...LET'S LOOK UP THE LOCAL DOCTOR! MAYBE A MAN OF SCIENCE WILL TELL US WHAT THIS SUPERNATURAL POPPY-COCK IS ALL ABOUT!”





I'LL TELL YOU...AND THEN MAYBE **YOU'LL** BELIEVE YOUR GRANDUNCLES HOUSEKEEPER WAS BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE SOME TIME AGO...SHE WAS DELICIOUS, SCREAMING IN-COHERENTLY ABOUT SOMETHING SHE CALLED **MARZO!** I WENT TO MYSTIC MANOR MYSELF TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD FRIGHTENED HER...BUT I DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG...I **COULDN'T!** SOMETHING HORRIBLY EVIL SEEMED TO REACH INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING THE MOMENT I NEARED THAT ACQUIRED HOME... SOMETHING COLD AND MALIGNANT...SOMETHING THAT WANTED MY **SOUL!**



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT MY UNCLE'S **GHOST** IS HAUNTING THAT HOUSE?



NO...IT ALL STARTED **BEFORE** HE DIED...WHEN A HUGE, COFFIN-LIKE CARTON ARRIVED FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ORIENT! YOUR UNCLE BEGAN DYING BY INCHES SOON AFTER THAT...EACH TIME I SAW HIM, HIS EYES WERE MORE HAUNTED! WHEN HE FINALLY DIED, I ISSUED A DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR HEART FAILURE...BUT I NEVER DARED ASK MYSELF **WHAT** STOPPED HIS HEART! FOR IF EVER I SAW STARK TERROR ON A DEAD MAN'S FACE, IT WAS ON **HIS!** BE WARNED... **STAY AWAY FROM MYSTIC MANOR!**

I...I'M BEGINNING TO BE SORRY I EVER SUGGESTED COMING HERE, DON! LET'S GO BACK... **PLEASE!**

SO THIS MASS HYSTERIA IS BEGINNING TO AFFECT YOU, TOO, EH? WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO GET **ME** DOWN...I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO MYSTIC MANOR AND **PROVE** THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE SUPERNATURAL!



**UP**...UP THE LONELY, WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD, UP TO WHERE THE CLAMMY MISTS HANG LOW AND A STRANGE AURA OF SOME UNKNOWN MENACE HOVERS OVER THE FORBIDDING GABLES OF A HOUSE CRUMBLING WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE AGES...

THAT...THAT CREEPY OLD PLACE MUST BE MYSTIC MANOR, DON...AND **LOOK**...IT...IT SEEMS AS IF A GIGANTIC PHANTOM HAND IS CLUTCHING THE HOUSE!

STRANGE, I SEEM TO SEE IT TOO...BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE FINGERS OF MIST CURLING AROUND THE HOUSE! THERE'S **NOTHING** TO BE AFRAID OF!



**Then,** PAST THE CREAKING DOOR AND INTO THE MUSTY INTERIOR, WHERE FLICKERING SHADOWS WRITHE ON FURNITURE SHROUDED LIKE WHITE, CROUCHING CORPSES...

DON! I'M AFRAID... **TERRIFIED!**

DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING! THIS CANDELABRA I FOUND OUGHT TO GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT TO EXPLORE THE OLD JOINT...AND YOU'LL SEE HOW CHILDISH YOUR FEARS ARE!

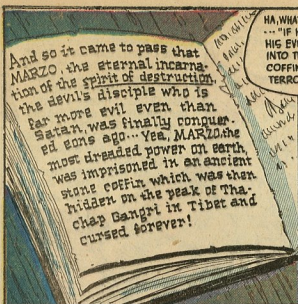


THIS MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR UNCLE'S ROOM...HIS DEATH CHAMBER! AND IT...IT LOOKS AS IF SOME DEMONICAL POWER HAD BEEN LET LOOSE IN HERE...TO RAVAGE AND DESTROY!

NONSENSE...UNCLE PHINEAS ALWAYS WAS UNTIDY! Hmm, HERE'S AN ANCIENT-LOOKING BOOK...PROBABLY PART OF HIS STUDIES INTO THAT OCCULT POPPYCOCK! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS...IT OUGHT TO GIVE US A **LAUGH!**







HA, WHAT BOSH... LISTEN, IT GETS EVEN FUNNIER! ... "IF HIS COFFIN IS REMOVED FROM THAT PLACE, HIS EVIL AURA WILL SEEP OUT AND STRIKE DREAD INTO THE HEARTS OF MEN! BUT IF EVER HIS COFFIN IS OPENED AND HE ESCAPES, THEN TERROR AND DESTRUCTION WILL STALK FOREVER AMID THE FLAMES AND RUINS OF A RAVAGED WORLD!"

DON, IT *ISN'T* BOSH... THAT HUGE COFFIN-LIKE CARTON WHICH CAME TO YOUR UNCLE FROM THE ORIENT MUST HAVE BEEN MARZO'S COFFIN... BECAUSE THE AURA OF EVIL AND DREAD AROUND THIS HOUSE ARRIVED TOGETHER WITH THAT CARTON!



MARZO IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE... I... I CAN ALMOST FEEL HIS CLAMMY SPIRIT GROPING FOR MY SOUL!

THE ONLY WAY TO RESTORE YOUR SANITY, MARY, IS TO TURN THIS HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN UNTIL YOU'RE CONVINCED THE MYTHICAL MARZO ISN'T HERE... OR ANYWHERE! COME ON!



ROOM AFTER SHROUDED ROOM IS SEARCHED IN VAIN... BUT FINALLY IN THE DIM RECESSES OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CELLAR...

THE ATMOSPHERE OF HOVERING EVIL SEEMS TO BE MORE INTENSE DOWN HERE... AS IF WE'RE GETTING WARM! OH, LOOK... THAT HEAVY IRON DOOR! IT'S BOLTED ON THIS SIDE... AS IF TO KEEP SOMETHING IN THERE FROM GETTING OUT!

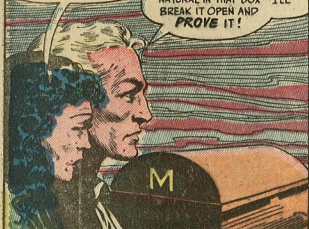
WELL, THAT JUST MAKES IT EASY TO OPEN... AND DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!



AS THE UNBOLTED DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN, AN OVERWHELMING AURA OF ALMOST TANGIBLE, DEMONICAL EVIL SURGES OUT... LIKE A STAGGERING BLAST FROM THE DEPTHS!

MARZO'S COFFIN... HE'S IN THERE!

OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU THERE'S NOTHING SUPERNATURAL IN THAT BOX... I'LL BREAK IT OPEN AND PROVE IT!

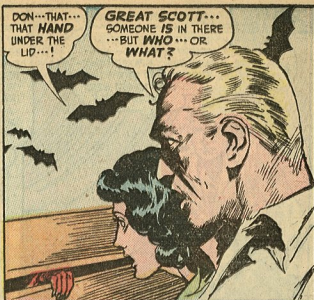


NO, DON, DON'T...!

THERE... THAT DID IT! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!













**B**UT THE POLICE OF NEW YORK HAVE NOT BEEN WARNED TO EXPECT A SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION THAT CAN BECOME **IN-VISIBLE---MONSTROUS---** THAT CAN STALK THROUGH A CITY AND LEAVE A TRAGIC TRAIL OF DEATH AND HORROR BEHIND!

HA  
HA  
HA!



**M**EANWHILE, IN DON BRADY'S LAB...

YOU'VE JUST WITNESSED THE MOST HORRIFYING AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT IN HISTORY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE... A MAGNIFIC BRIDGE OF STEEL AND CONCRETE, RIPPED APART BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE, PINIONING HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN THE WRECKAGE...

DON... THAT...  
THAT MUST BE  
**MARZO'S**  
TERRIBLE  
WORK!



NOW, WHILE THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING FILL THE AIR, THE HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION SEEM TO HAVE TEMPORARILY HALTED! BUT WHO KNOWS WHEN OR **WHERE** THIS UNKNOWN FORCE WILL STRIKE AGAIN...

**YOU** KNOW WHAT THAT FORCE IS... BECAUSE **YOU** RELEASED IT!

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... THIS IS THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY... THINGS LIKE THIS JUST **CAN'T** HAPPEN!



AH, BUT THEY JUST **DID** HAPPEN!

**CRASH!**

**YOU!**



YES, I... THE **SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION** WHO WILL GO ON AND ON... BURNING... KILLING... DESTROYING! WHAT I'VE DONE SO FAR IS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO... BUT I CAME TO REASSURE YOU THAT NO MATTER WHAT DESTRUCTION I WREAK, YOU WILL BOTH BE **SPARED!** AND YOU WHO RELEASED ME FROM MY COFFIN WILL BE ALL-POWERFUL... BECAUSE THE THREE WISHES I GRANTED YOU WILL ENABLE YOU TO ACCOMPLISH **ANYTHING** YOUR HEART DESIRES... **ANYTHING!**



AND NOW...  
FAREWELL...  
FOREVER!

HE...HE  
VANISHED!

HE WAS  
REAL...ALL THIS  
ISN'T A DREAM!  
AND IF MARZO HAS  
SUCH POWER, MAYBE  
THE THREE WISHES  
I MAKE WILL  
COME TRUE!

YES, YOUR THREE WISHES  
...THE REWARD YOU  
RECEIVED FOR BE-  
TRAYING HUMANITY! IS  
THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK  
ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS  
...WHEN MARZO IS ABOUT  
TO DESTROY THE  
WHOLE WORLD?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO  
THINK ABOUT! I CAN USE  
MY FIRST WISH TO OBTAIN  
THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC  
ENGINE THAT'S BEEN ELUDING  
ME SO LONG... THAT WILL  
GIVE ME **POWER!** ANOTHER  
WISH WILL MAKE ME THE  
RICHEST MAN IN HISTORY...

YOU... YOU **MURDERER!** ALL YOU CARE  
ABOUT IS RICHES AND POWER... WHEN **YOU'RE**  
THE ONE WHO FREED THAT MURDEROUS SPECTER  
FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN**... TO PREY  
UPON A HELPLESS WORLD! **YOU'RE**  
RESPONSIBLE... YOU'RE AS MUCH  
A KILLER AS MARZO!

YES, YOU'RE FURIOUS AT  
ME... BLIND WITH RAGE,  
BECAUSE DEEP IN YOUR  
HEART YOU KNOW I'M  
RIGHT AND YOU'RE  
**GUILTY**... BUT YOU  
CAN'T ADMIT IT TO  
YOURSELF...

**GET AWAY FROM ME!**  
I'M GOING TO BE THE  
MOST POWERFUL MAN  
IN THE WORLD... WHY  
SHOULD I LET YOU AND  
YOUR CHILDISH RAVING  
STAND IN MY WAY? I  
... I **WISH YOU**  
**WERE DEAD!**

**E** INSTANTLY...

**CRACK!**  
OH-HH!

SHE... SHE'S **DEAD**... AND **MY WISH**  
KILLED HER! BUT... BUT I JUST BLURTED  
OUT THOSE WORDS WITHOUT MEANING  
THEM... I NEVER WANTED HER TO DIE...  
SHE'S ALL I EVER LOVED! AND NOW I'VE **LOST**  
HER... BECAUSE I UNWITTINGLY USED THE  
TERRIBLE POWER MARZO CONFERRED ON  
ME! SHE'S **GONE**...  
**FOREVER!**

**WAIT... NOT FOREVER!** I'VE  
STILL GOT TWO MORE WISHES  
... I CAN USE ONE OF THEM  
TO...











ALL NEW! **8 WALT DISNEY COMIC BOOKS!**

FOR ONLY

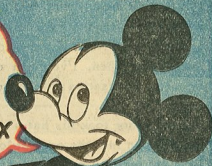
**15¢**

AND ONE WHEATIES BOXTOP



THEY'RE  
POCKET SIZE!

**Donald Duck**  
and the  
**Inca Idol**  
c. by WALT DISNEY



USE THE QUICK  
ORDER BLANK ON  
YOUR WHEATIES BOX



**Mickey Mouse**  
and the  
**MAGIC MOUNTAIN**  
c. by WALT DISNEY



**Gus and Jaq**  
SAVE  
THE SHIP  
WALT DISNEY



**L'IL BAD WOLF**  
**Fire Fighter**  
c. by WALT DISNEY



**Donald Duck**  
in the  
**LOST LAKE**  
WALT DISNEY



**Mickey Mouse**  
and the  
**STAGECOACH BANDITS**  
c. by WALT DISNEY



**GOOFY**  
**BIG GAME HUNTER**  
WALT DISNEY



**Donald Duck**  
**Deep-sea Diver**  
**ALL NEW STORIES**  
**NOT SOLD IN STORES**



AND **24** MORE NEW BOOKS

READY NOW! SEE YOUR WHEATIES BOX FOR DETAILS!



# Monsieur WEREWOLF

AH, COME IN, come in," the old man said, peering out from under enormous eyebrows at the visitor at his door. "No one ever seems to come up this lonely mountain to visit me anymore, and strangers pass by only too infrequently. The last one passed by here more than three weeks ago...and ever since then, I've been rather hungry for...er, conversation and news of the village below."

The visitor took his hat off and followed the old man into the ancient-looking house. "I'm not really a stranger just passing idly by," he said. "I came here expressly to see you, sir. You see, I'm a student at Heidelberg University, studying for my doctorate in Occultology. In the course of writing my dissertation on lycanthropy, I came across your name as the author of some extraordinarily curious books on werewolves. So I decided to look you up and ask you where you got all the information and source material."

"But I must confess I had a devilishly hard time finding out where you live. As soon as I mentioned the name of Monsieur Jacques Turenne, all the villagers down below fled from me as if I'd asked for Satan himself. It was only when I cornered one little lad and promised to buy him all the sweets he could eat, that I learned you lived atop this mountain."

The old man smiled, revealing a perfect set of white, gleaming teeth that seemed incongruous in a face as old and sagging as his. "We explorers of the occult must expect such treatment from the masses, mustn't we?" he said. "But come into my study. I'll show you what the superstitious fools are so afraid of."

Inside the study, M. Turenne took out a strangely shaped bottle from a drawer and

shook the vile green liquid it contained. "See...this is what they fear. They think it's a magical liquid that can turn anyone into a werewolf! Actually, it's merely a mixture of eleoselinum, aconitum, frondes populeae, sium, pentaphyllon, uespertilioris sanguis and solanum somniferum."

"Mnn," the visitor murmured. "That means it's composed of hemlock, aconite, poplar leaves, cowbane, cinquefoil, bat's blood and deadly nightshade. But how do the superstitious villagers think it's supposed to work?"

Jacques Turenne laughed this time, revealing incisor teeth that were strangely elongated and pointed, almost like a wolf's. Dipping his hands into the bottle, he said, "They believe that if anyone smears his hands with it, like this...and then rubs the concoction across his face, like this...then one is transformed into a werewolf, with an insatiable desire to kill!"

The visitor shuddered involuntarily. "Well, obviously it *doesn't* work...you're still Jacques Turenne. But it is an interesting belief. I think I'll just jot the details down in my notebook, in case I want to mention it in my thesis."

Bending low over his notebook, the student of occultology didn't notice the sudden change that overtook Turenne, and he didn't even bother to look up as the old man started to speak. "Oh, I neglected to tell you something else," the werewolf said. "It takes a few moments for the mixture to take effect! And now..."

The visitor turned at the hideous animal snarl behind him. For one horrified moment he stared at the awful half-man, half-wolf shape before him...and by the time he turned to flee, it was already too late, for the fangs were at his throat.



**I**T'S MIDNIGHT, READER, AND A BANSHEE WIND WAITS AMID THE TOSSING TREETOPS! ACROSS THE PALLID MOON DRIFTS THE EERIE SHADOW OF-- A BAT! HERE'S AS STRANGE AND GRIPPING A STORY AS YOU'VE EVER READ-- THE STORY OF A LOST SOUL-- THE TALE OF A VAMPIRE LOVE YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

# LOVE OF A VAMPIRE



YES, IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH! A HONEYMOON COUPLE, CONFIDENT OF A LIFE OF HAPPINESS BEFORE THEM, LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE THAT THIS WAS A FATEFUL MOMENT-- THAT BEFORE THEM LOOMED NIGHTMARE TRAGEDY!

WE'LL JUST BE HERE FOR ONE NIGHT, MR.-- ER--

BRUNT-- HANS BRUNT! I'M THE NIGHT MANAGER! WE WELCOME HONEY-MOONERS HERE! AND YOUR WIFE IS VERY-- BEAUTIFUL!



HERE'S YOUR ROOM, AND I TRUST YOU'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE. GOOD NIGHT-- AND PLEASANT DREAMS, MRS. CUMMINGS!

I-- I WISH WE HADN'T STOPPED HERE! THERE'S SOMETHING-- EVIL ABOUT THAT OLD MAN!



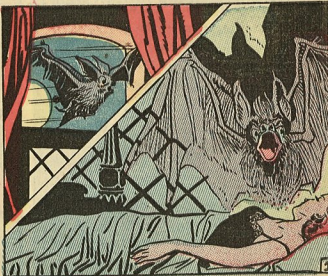
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GHOSTLY MOON THAT TERRIFIED BETH! SOMETHING--

GREAT SCOTT, THAT BAT-- LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! BUT DON'T LET IT SCARE YOU, DARLING-- YOU'RE TREMBLING!

I-- I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!



SOMETHING HORRIBLE! PROPHETIC WORDS-- FOR IN THE WEIRD HUSH OF MIDNIGHT, A GREAT BAT WHEELED CLOSER-- CLOSER--







HI, SWEETHEART! DID YOU-- WHY, SHE'S GONE!

SHE'S NOWHERE. AROUND! I-- I'M SURE THE WINDOW HADN'T BEEN OPEN THIS MUCH!



WORRY GAVE WAY TO SUSPICION, PANIC! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- CALL THE POLICE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- MY WIFE'S MISSING! COME OVER RIGHT AWAY-- PLEASE!



THE POLICE CAME-- SEARCHED-- ASKED QUESTIONS-- ALL FRUITLESSLY! WAS IT KEN'S IMAGINATION-- OR DID THEY DIS-PLAY A STRANGE SUSPICION-- A STRANGER FEAR?



SHE-- SHE COULDN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH THE WINDOW-- WE'D HAVE FOUND HER, OR AT LEAST LADDER MARKS ON THE GROUND! WAS THERE ANYONE AROUND HERE WHO SPOKE TO HER, OR--

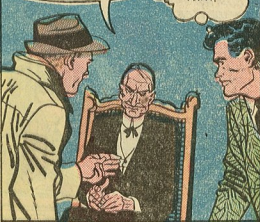
ONLY OLD BRUNT, THE NIGHT MANAGER!

HEY, RILEY! SEND BRUNT UP HERE!



NO-- I DIDN'T HEAR A THING ALL NIGHT! BUT WHO'D WANT TO HARM ANYONE AS LOVELY AS MRS. CUMMINGS? SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'D EVER SEEN!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE TALKS ABOUT BETH! THERE'S SOMETHING-- STRANGE ABOUT HIM!



AND THEN-- KEN SPOTTED SOMETHING THE POLICE HAD MISSED!

LOOK-- WHAT'S THIS? IT-- IT LOOKS LIKE A CLAW!

A-- WHAT?



YES-- A CRUEL-LOOKING TALON! WHY DID THE POLICEMEN STARE AT EACH OTHER SO STRANGELY? WHY WERE THEIR FACES SO WHITE?

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE-- AND WHAT SORT OF A CREATURE COULD IT HAVE COME FROM?

ER-- I'M SURE IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE-- BUT WE'LL TAKE IT ALONG, ANYWAY! AND WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IF ANYTHING DEVELOPS, MR. CUMMINGS!

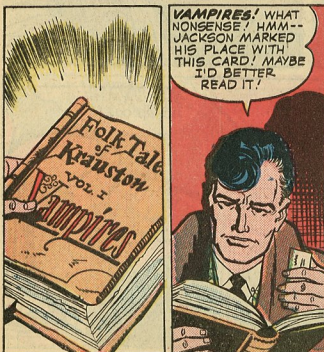




FOLLOWED DREARY, CAREWORN DAYS OF WAITING, AND STILL NO WORD! FINALLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



KEN SOUGHT OUT THE DETECTIVE AT THE LIBRARY...



AND SO KEN CUMMINGS READ-- AND HIS HEART GREW NUMB WITH A NAMELESS HORROR...





WITHIN KEN'S MIND GREW THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN CAPTIVATED BY BETH'S BEAUTY-- OF A STRANGE CLAW! IT COULDN'T BE-- BUT--

IT'S-- **INCREDIBLE!** HANS BRUNT-- THE NIGHT MANAGER-- AND COUNT VON BRUNT-- WHO VANISHED OVER A CENTURY AGO! A-- A **VAMPIRE!** BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE STRANGE FEAR THE POLICE SHOWED! WELL, IF THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, **I WILL! I'LL FIND BETH IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!**



BACK AT THE HOTEL...

HOW **DARE** YOU BREAK INTO MY ROOM THIS WAY? GET OUT-- OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

THAT **BANDAGE** ON YOUR FINGER, BRUNT-- DOES IT CONCEAL A **MISSING FINGERNAIL?** GO AHEAD AND CALL THE POLICE-- MAYBE THEY'LL RETURN A **CLAW** THAT FITS!



AND THIS HANDKERCHIEF ON THE TABLE-- **BETH'S!** HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN **THAT?**

I-- I FOUND IT-- I WAS GOING TO TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS! **WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF, YOUNG MAN?**

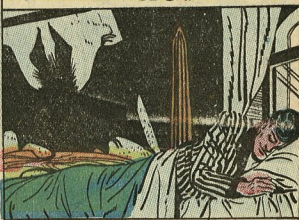


I'M ACCUSING YOU-- **COUNT VON BRUNT--** OF THE ABDUCTION OF MY WIFE-- **AND HER PROBABLE MURDER!** MAYBE I HAVEN'T GOT ANY REAL EVIDENCE, BUT WHEN I GIVE THE POLICE THESE EXTRA FACTS IN THE MORNING, THEY MAY COME UP WITH ENOUGH **TO HANG YOU!**

THINK SO, EH? WE'LL SEE!



THAT NIGHT, KEN'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED! ODD, NIGHTMARE VISIONS FLITTED THROUGH HIS TORTURED MIND! AND, FLITTING, CAME A VISION THAT WAS REAL-- THE AWFUL SHAPE OF A **HUGE BAT!**

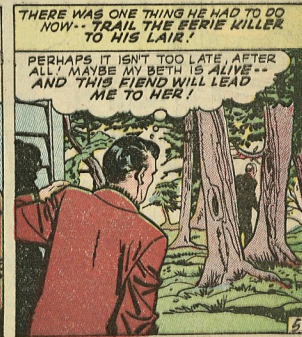


A SIXTH SENSE WARNED THE SLEEPING MAN, BROUGHT HIM TO WAKEFULNESS-- **IN THE NICK OF TIME!**

**HOLY HANNAH!** THAT THING... IT... IT'S MONSTROUS!







THROUGH A THICK AND GLOOMY FOREST THE TRAIL LED, THROUGH SWAMP, LAND AND GLADE, FINALLY KEN SAW OLD BRUNT DIS- APPEAR INTO A RUINED, DESERTED OLD MANSION THAT SEEMED TO BREATHE FORTH THE AURA OF THE UNKNOWN -- OF DEATH ITSELF!



I'VE -- TRACKED THE BEAST TO ITS LAIR! OH, BETH -- BETH DARLING! IF ONLY--

INSIDE, A MAZE OF CRUMBLING CORRIDORS AND COBBLED CHAMBERS-- WITH A DARK MENACE BROODING OVERALL!



OLD BRUNT SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED-- WHICH SHOULD MAKE MY SEARCH EASIER!

ROOM AFTER ROOM -- NOTHING! AND FINALLY, IN A VAULTED CHAMBER DEEP WITHIN THE OLD PILE, KEN FOUND -- TRAGEDY!



GREAT HEAVENS-- IT'S BETH! AND SHE'S BEYOND HUMAN HELP!

BEHIND HIM, THERE ECHOED A CACKLING DEMONIC LAUGH! IT WAS THE MAN HE HAD FOLLOWED-- BUT HOW CHANGED! THIS WAS A DEVIL OUT OF THE DEAD PAST! THIS WAS COUNT VON BRUNT-- VAMPIRE!

SO-- NOW YOU KNOW! AND BEFORE I KILL YOU, YOU'LL KNOW THE POWER OF A VAMPIRE! FOR YOU-- YOUR WIFE IS DEAD! BUT FOR ME, SHE'LL RISE AT MY COMMAND! WATCH!



YOU-- FIEND!



A CRISP ORDER-- A COMMANDING GESTURE--  
AND A DREADFUL RESULT! FOR THE STILL,  
COLD FORM STIRS-- RISES!

BETH-- BETH! YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD! TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
NOT!



IT WAS THEN THAT GRIEF, HATRED, MADE  
KEN THROW CAUTION TO THE WINDS! IN A  
HEADLONG, SUICIDAL RUSH--

I'LL STOP IT-- BY RIPPING  
YOU APART WITH MY BARE  
HANDS!



DOWN WENT THE FATALLY-WOUNDED MAN,  
CLUTCHING AT THE METAL CHAIN THAT EN-  
GIRDLED HIS WIFE'S WAIST! IT SNAPPED,  
CAME LOOSE IN HIS HAND--



YOU'RE TOO LATE, FOOL! SHE'S  
DEAD-- AND ALREADY A  
VAMPIRE LIKE MYSELF!  
TONIGHT SHE WILL ASSUME HER  
BAT'S SHAPE-- AND GO FORTH  
TO SEARCH FOR PREY!  
AND NOTHING  
YOU CAN DO  
CAN STOP  
HER!



BUT OF WHAT USE RAW COURAGE-- AGAINST  
THE SUPERNATURAL? WITH AN AWFUL  
STRENGTH OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, THE  
VAMPIRE STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW!

DIE, YOU FOOL!

OH-HH!



THIS CHAIN-- MADE  
OF PURE SILVER-- THE  
ONLY METAL THAT CAN  
KILL A VAMPIRE!  
OH, GIVE ME STRENGTH--  
GIVE ME  
STRENGTH!



IT WAS A STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION--  
OF LOVE! DYING, KEN FLUNG HIMSELF ON  
THE SURPRISED VON BRUNT-- AND--

I-- CAN'T LIVE-- BUT I'LL--  
TAKE YOU WITH ME!

ARGHH!



YES, THE SILVER CHAIN DID ITS WORK WELL-- AND  
TIME CLAIMED THE MOULDERING BODY OF VON  
BRUNT! AND AS THE VAMPIRE DREW HIS  
LAST BREATH--

KEN-- OH,  
KEN, MY  
HUSBAND--

HER-- HER VOICE-- AS  
IF SHE LIVED AGAIN--

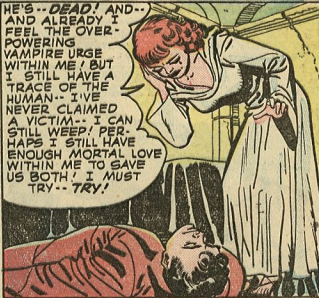


OH, BETH, BETH, YOU  
HEAR-- YOU UNDER-  
STAND! TAKE ME--  
IN YOUR ARMS!  
ONE LAST KISS  
BEFORE I-- I--

IT'S-- TOO LATE!  
YOU'RE DYING-- AND  
I'M CONDEMNED TO A  
LIVING DEATH AS A  
VAMPIRE-- FOREVER!  
GOODBYE, DARLING--  
GOODBYE!



HE'S-- DEAD! AND--  
AND ALREADY I  
FEEL THE OVER-  
POWERING  
VAMPIRE URGE  
WITHIN ME! BUT  
I STILL HAVE A  
TRACE OF THE  
HUMAN-- I'VE  
NEVER CLAIMED  
A VICTIM-- I CAN  
STILL WEEP! PER-  
HAPS I STILL HAVE  
ENOUGH MORTAL LOVE  
WITHIN ME TO SAVE  
US BOTH! I MUST  
TRY-- TRY!



THEN IT WAS THAT THE CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE  
TOOK EFFECT, AND WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A  
LOVELY WOMAN BECAME-- A FLITTING BAT!  
WAS IT TOO LATE-- WAS BETH EMBARKED ON  
HER GRISELY MISSION? NO! THE REMNANTS  
OF A HUMAN HEART SURGING STRONGLY WITHIN  
HER, SHE SOARED TO THE VAULTED CEILING!  
THEN IN A SINGLE, SWIFT, SUICIDAL PLUNGE,  
SHE CRASHED DOWNWARDS-- JOINING HER  
HUSBAND IN EVERLASTING DEATH!



CRASH!



AND THIS IT WAS THAT TRUE LOVE CONQUERED  
THE VAMPIRE'S EVIL, AND EMERGED TRI-  
UMPHANT! NOW, FINALLY, THE SOULS OF  
BETH AND KEN WERE AT PEACE AND THEY  
FACED ETERNITY-- TOGETHER--  
FOR ALWAYS!

THE END





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# From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

**G**REETINGS, ALL YOU fans of the great *Supernatural*---special greetings, since this is the first time that we're meeting in the pages of a brand-new, actionful and challenging magazine. Welcome to "*Forbidden Worlds*"---and may our friendship be both long and rewarding!

As friends-to-be, we can talk plainly. So let's start off by saying that this isn't just another magazine. It's a *special* kind of publication---for *special* people! For a long time, your editor has known that the dread realm of the *Unknown* exercised a magnetic fascination over thinking people---that the *Supernatural* thronged with thrills and chills that challenged the imagination as does no other subject. It was this thought that gave rise to the creation of our great companion magazine, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*". And the astounding success of this original publication left no room for doubt. This was what the public wanted---and we gave it to them! We delved deeply into weird and eerie subjects---came up with strange, fascinating stories that packed an out-of-the-world punch---and fans flocked to our bandwagon! They demanded greater frequency of issue, and we gave it to them in the shape of a hard-hitting and thrilling monthly magazine. But this wasn't enough---they cried out for a companion publication to "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"---and now we're providing it in the form of "*Forbidden Worlds*"!

So here it is---your own special magazine---chockful of the very thrilling fare we've learned you want! We *dare* you to read each and every issue of this startling new publication---to venture into forbidden, *Unknown* worlds! And as you read, you'll watch the *Supernatural* come alive! You'll meet ghosts, zombies, werewolves, vam-

pires---you'll chill to black magic from beyond life itself---you'll gasp at stranger things than ever the mind of man conceived!

A tall order? Maybe---but we've got the know-how to deliver! Read the stories in this issue, and let them speak for themselves. There's "*Demon of Destruction*", one of the most imaginative and spine-chilling stories in years, and a sample of the type of fare we'll try to bring you. There's "*Love of A Vampire*", a thrilling adventure into old folk-lore guaranteed to keep you glued to the edge of your seat. There's "*The Way of the Werewolf*", which plummets you into a gasp-laden epic of supernatural exploit. And let's not overlook "*The Monster Doll*", an eerie and challenging effort you won't soon forget! These and others make up our first issue---from us---to you!

We hope that you'll like this initial attempt, as well as the others which will follow. But we'll have no way of knowing unless you tell us! Won't you please write us, informing us as to what stories you like, as well as those you don't go for? And let us know what you'd wish to see in future issues! Address your letters to:

The Editor  
*Forbidden Worlds*  
45 West 45th Street  
New York 19, N. Y.

We'll reprint whatever letters space will allow in later issues. And until we meet again on this page, so long---from the magazine that *dares* to be different---that dares to tell all!

Don't miss our companion publication---"*Adventures Into The Unknown*"!



# The WAY of the WEREWOLF

DO YOU CONSIDER THE UNKNOWN JUST A PASSING THRILL THAT CAN BE LEFT SAFELY IN THE SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT...A GLIMPSE OF THE TERROR THAT HAS GRIPPED NAMELESS PEOPLE IN SOME TIMELESS AGE? THEN WAIT...WAIT FOR THE DARK HOUR THAT BRINGS ONDOK...HIS FANGED MUZZLE RAISED IN A BAYING SUMMONS...HIS RED-RIMMED EYES LURING YOU TO THE WAY OF THE WEREWOLF!

ONE AFTERNOON...AT THE DAILY HERALD...

I'M WONDERING...MAYBE WE CAN RING IN THAT WEIRD PLAGUE OF MAN-EATING WOLVES THAT ARE SWEEPING THROUGH THE VILLAGES OF CENTRAL INDIA!

THE LACK OF SENSATIONAL NEWS MAKES THIS A NICE TOWN TO LIVE IN, ROY... BUT IT'S MURDER FOR A REPORTER TRYING TO DIG UP SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE THE HEADLINES!

YOU KNOW, ROY...THAT'S AN ANGLE LOADED WITH QUESTION MARKS! HORRIBLE AS THOSE WOLF RAIDS ARE, THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN PEOPLE BEING DRAGGED FROM THEIR BEDS...NAMELY, WHY HASN'T IT HAPPENED BEFORE?

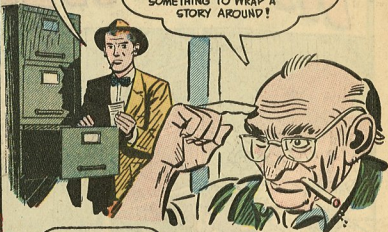


SEE WHAT I MEAN? SINCE WOLVES DON'T DEVELOP INTO MAN-EATERS OVERNIGHT, IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'VE BEEN KEPT IN CHECK BY SOMETHING---AND ARE NOW GOING ON RAMPAGE BECAUSE THE OBSTACLE NO LONGER EXISTS!

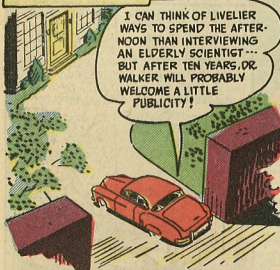
LOOK, CHUM---I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR YEN FOR THE SUPER-NATURAL! WHAT I'VE GOT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND IS A LOCAL TIE-IN WITH THOSE WOLF ATTACKS---AND IT'S JUST COME TO ME! SEE WHETHER WE'VE GOT ANYTHING FILED ON **DR. AMBROSE WALKER!**

THERE'S NOTHING ON DR. WALKER'S CARD BUT **"INDIA, 1941---WOLVES!"** DOES THAT RING A BELL?

I KNEW THERE'D BE **SOME** CONNECTION---BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS! ANYWAY, LARRY---DROP AROUND AND GET DR. WALKER'S COMMENT ON THOSE PROWLING WOLVES---MAYBE IT'LL GIVE US SOMETHING TO WRAP A STORY AROUND!



**A HALF-HOUR LATER---**



I CAN THINK OF LIVELIER WAYS TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON THAN INTERVIEWING AN ELDERLY SCIENTIST---BUT AFTER TEN YEARS, DR. WALKER WILL PROBABLY WELCOME A LITTLE PUBLICITY!



**WOO-HOOO!** I-UHH---I'D LIKE TO SEE DR. WALKER, BEAUTIFUL!



WON'T YOU COME IN? I'M HIS DAUGHTER, **CANISA!**

I WISH I HAD SOME EXCUSE TO INTERVIEW **YOU** INSTEAD OF YOUR FATHER---BUT AS IT IS, I DON'T THINK YOU'D GET MUCH OF A BANG OUT OF TALKING ABOUT **WOLVES!**

YOU MEAN **YOU** LIKE THEM, TOO? IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO FIND SOMEONE WHO **DOES!**



HONEY---I DON'T MEAN **MY** KIND OF WOLF! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TYPE THAT **BITE!**



YEE---THE ONES MOST PEOPLE FEAR, AND ASSOCIATE WITH ALL SORTS OF HORRIBLE SUPERSTITIONS! I WISH I KNEW WHY I **DON'T**... BECAUSE I'VE APORED THE CREATURES SINCE I WAS A CHILD---AND I EVEN DIMLY REMEMBER PRETENDING MY **PLAY-MATES** WERE WOLVES!





**SUDDENLY---**

**CANISA!**  
HAVEN'T I TOLD  
YOU TIME AND AGAIN  
THAT THERE'S **ONE**  
SUBJECT YOU MUSTN'T  
DISCUSS? GO TO  
YOUR ROOM!

WAIT A MINUTE, DOC!! I  
DON'T KNOW WHY WOLVES  
SHOULD BE TABOO--- BUT  
**I'M THE ONE WHO BROUGHT  
THE SUBJECT UP! I'M LARRY  
DAVIS---REPORTER FOR  
THE "HERALD"!**

**OF COURSE YOU'RE A  
REPORTER---WHAT DO YOU  
THINK I'M OBJECTING TO? GET  
THIS STRAIGHT, YOUNG  
FELLOW---ANYTHING I FOUND  
IN INDIA TEN YEARS AGO  
IS FINISHED---IT'S  
NO LONGER NEWS,  
UNDERSTAND ME?**

**NOT EXACTLY---  
EXCEPT THAT  
YOU'RE PRACTI-  
CALLY INVITING  
ME TO DIG UP  
THE FACTS MY  
OWN WAY!**

**BACK AT THE "HERALD"---**

WELL, LARRY---DID THAT  
SESSION WITH DR. WALKER  
FINISH OFF THE WEIRD  
SLANT YOU'VE GOT ON  
THOSE WOLVES?

FAR FROM IT, CHUM!  
THERE SEEMS TO BE  
A LOT MORE STORY  
THAN I WAS LOOK-  
ING FOR---AND I'M  
GOING AFTER IT  
**TONIGHT!**

**HOURS LATER---**

MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY  
ON THE UP AND UP---BUT JUST  
THE SAME, I'M GLAD THERE'S  
NO ONE AROUND TO  
WATCH THIS!



NOPE---I WOULDN'T GO POKING  
AROUND DR. WALKER'S STUDY  
FOR AN ORDINARY NEWS BEAT!  
EVEN CANISA'S BEING HIPPIED  
ON WOLVES MIGHTN'T RATE  
A PARAGRAPH---**IF** DR. WALKER  
DIDN'T OBJECT SO STRONGLY  
TO HER TALKING ABOUT THEM!

FOR MY  
MONEY, THERE'S  
SOMETHING QUEER  
AND MYSTERIOUS  
ABOUT THE WHOLE  
SETUP---AND I'VE  
BEEN TRAINED  
TO LOOK FOR  
ANSWERS!

**AS LARRY RIFFLES THROUGH THE  
PAGES---**

"...MY GUIDES REFUSED TO  
FOLLOW THE WOLF PACK---  
AND PUSHING ALONE THROU-  
GH A DENSE GROVE OF BAN-  
YANS, I SOON  
LEARNED WHY!"

YE GODS---  
HERE IT IS---  
AND **QUEER**  
ISN'T THE WORD  
FOR IT! IT'S VIVID AS  
LIGHTNING---SOME-  
THING I CAN SEE AL-  
MOST AS CLEARLY AS  
IF I'D  
BEEN  
THERE!



"THERE WAS A BURROW UNDER THE TOWERING ROOTS...AND FROM IT CAME A SOUND...HIGH PITCHED AND LINGERING!"



IT'S INCREDIBLE...BUT THAT WAS A HUMAN VOICE! THERE'S A CHILD DOWN IN THAT HOLE!

"A CHILD? YES, SHE SOUNDED LIKE ONE...SHE EVEN REMOTELY LOOKED LIKE ONE...BUT THE WRITHING CREATURE I DREW FROM THE DEN FOUGHT WITH THE SAVAGERY OF A SNAPPING BEAST!"



EASY...EASY...I CERTAINLY HOPE MY TONE QUIETS HER DOWN...BECAUSE LANGUAGE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HER!

ARRRRGH!

SOMETHING KEPT TELLING ME I HAD MADE A MISTAKE...AND THE FEELING MOUNTED WHEN I CARRIED HER, STRUGGLING, TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE!"

TAKE HER BACK, SAHIB! LET HER BE CLAIMED BY HIM WHOSE MARK IS UPON HER!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE WILLING TO SEE THE LITTLE WRETCH STAY WITH WOLVES? IF SHE BEARS A MARK, IT'S FROM HUNGER AND PRIVATION...AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! IT'S A DUTY...A DUTY TO A FELLOW HUMAN!

"HOW MANY TIMES BEFORE HAD I LAUGHED AT SUPERSTITION...ONLY TO LISTEN NOW, IN THE PANTING DUSK, WITH A JAB OF TERROR?"



NO, SAHIB...NOT HUMAN! A GIRL REARED BY THE PACK WILL BE CLAIMED AS BRIDE BY THE LEADER OF THE WEREWOLVES! THE WOLVES HATE THESE WEREWOLF FIENDS, AND WILL NOT APPROACH A VILLAGE AROUND WHICH THEY LURK!

"I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER FOR A WEEK...KNOWING HOW DEEPLY ROOTED THE WEREWOLF LEGEND IS...AND YET THRUSTING IT OUT OF MY MIND WHENEVER I LOOK INTO THE CHILD'S QUESTIONING EYES! NOW THAT SHE HAS BEGUN TO TRUST ME, I HAVE NO CHOICE...SHE HAS BOTH A CURSE AND THE MEMORY OF A BRUTE EXISTENCE TO OUTGROW...BUT I WILL TAKE HER BACK TO THE STATES AS MY DAUGHTER...AND I WILL CALL HER CANISA..."



WOLVES...GOOD LORD...NO WONDER THE POOR OLD DEVIL DIDN'T WANT HER TALKING ABOUT THEM...AND AS FOR THAT WEREWOLF NONSENSE...







**A** S ONE SHAGGY  
SHADOW FOLLOWS  
ANOTHER ACROSS  
THE WALL...



FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT  
MY IMAGINATION'S HOPPED  
UP BY WHAT I READ--BUT  
THAT CREEP IN THE CAPE IS  
**OPENING THE FRONT  
DOOR!** THEY'RE AFTER  
SOMETHING... SOMETHING  
THEY'RE SURE THEY'LL  
FIND **HERE...  
CANISA!**



GOOD  
HEAVENS...  
WHAT ARE  
**YOU** DOING  
HERE AT  
THIS  
HOUR?

**A** MOMENT LATER...  
MONEY... THIS IS NO  
TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS!  
WOLVES... DEMONS... **WHAT-  
EVER** THEY ARE, **THEY'RE  
COMING!**



**WOLVES!** YOU CAN'T  
BE SERIOUS... BUT  
THERE'S NOTHING  
TO FEAR FROM  
**THEM!**

NO? WHAT'S  
**THAT**  
SOUND  
LIKE?

**AAAAGH!**



**HAA HA HA!**  
DID YOU THINK YOU  
COULD CHEAT **ONDOK**,  
DR. WALKER... AFTER  
HE WAITED TEN YEARS  
TO CLAIM WHAT IS  
HIS?

**THAT VOICE!**  
IT'S **SPEAKING...**  
BUT IT'S ALMOST  
A GROWL... THE  
SOUND OF A  
BEAST!

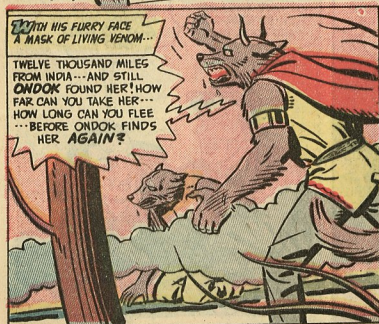


OR A **WOLF?**  
CANISA, YOU'D BETTER  
NOT FACE THIS! GET  
BACK TO YOUR ROOM  
...AND LOCK THE  
DOOR!

NO! SOMETHING  
**DREADFUL** HAS  
HAPPENED TO  
FATHER... AND I'VE  
**GOT TO FIND  
OUT!**



**Then...WITH A HOWLING PURSUIT ECHOING THROUGH A CORRIDOR LADEN WITH DEATH...**





THEN IT **WASN'T**  
JUST A CHANCE OUTBURST  
OF EVIL? THOSE CREATURES  
REALLY ARE SEARCHING  
...FOR ME?

HONEY...IT'S WILD,  
AND CRAZY, AND FAN-  
TASTIC...BUT THAT'S  
THE WAY IT STACKS  
UP! FINDING A WAY TO  
FORESTALL THOSE CREEPS  
IS GOING TO KEEP ME  
BUSY FOR THE REST OF  
THE NIGHT...AND MEAN-  
WHILE, I WANT YOU TO  
STAY PUT AT MY  
PLACE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

IF HE'S IN SUCH A PLACE  
AS THE SPIRIT WORLD...  
DR. WALKER CAN BE HAPPY  
FOR HAVING DONE A GOOD  
JOB! SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER  
...SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHY  
ONDOK IS AFTER HER...  
AND SHE'LL NEVER LEARN  
FROM ME!



WOLVES RUNNING WILD IN INDIA...AND WERE-  
WOLVES STALKING AROUND **HERE!** I WAS  
LOOKING FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT WAVE OF  
MAN-EATING WHEN I TALKED TO ROY TODAY...  
AND I'VE FOUND IT IN DR. WALKER'S JOURNAL!  
THE WOLVES ARE FREE TO RAID VILLAGES,  
NOW...**BECAUSE THE WEREWOLVES  
HAVE LEFT INDIA TO HUNT DOWN  
CANISA!**



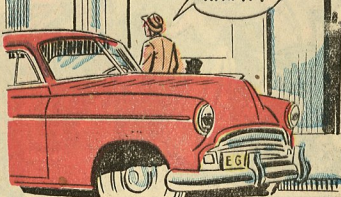
YOU MUST BE CLEAN  
WORN OUT AFTER KEEP-  
ING ME HERE ALL NIGHT  
WAITING FOR A ROUTINE  
STORY, PAL! IS THERE  
ANY LITTLE FAVOR YOU'D  
LIKE TO ASK BEFORE  
YOU'RE **FIRED?**

YEP! I WANT YOU TO  
LEND ME AN ARTIST TO  
MAKE A SKETCH I CAN  
TAKE TO A COSTUME  
COMPANY...AND **THEN**  
I WANT YOU TO BOOK  
ME WITH THE CITY  
ENGINEER FIRST  
THING IN THE MORN-  
ING!



**HERALD  
BUILDING**

CAN I PUT ANY  
STOCK IN WHAT THAT  
NATIVE SAID...THAT  
**WOLVES HATE THESE  
FIENDS?** IT'LL MEAN  
TAKING A HAIR-RAISING  
CHANCE... **BUT I'M  
GOING AHEAD  
WITH IT!**



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER ANY  
LONGER **WHY**  
THEY'RE COMING  
...IF I ONLY KNEW  
**WHEN!**

SUPPOSE YOU LET **ME**  
WORRY ABOUT THAT? TRY  
TO GET SOME REST,  
CANISA...AND REMEMBER  
...YOU PROMISED TO  
COUNT ON ME NO  
MATTER **WHAT**  
HAPPENS!



SLOW THOUGHTS MERGE WITH SLOW HOURS...AND THEN...THE DARKNESS STIRS WITH A SLOW APPROACH!

O.K., ONDOK...YOU'VE KEPT YOUR WORD...YOU'VE LED THEM HERE! NOW, BUSTER...THE REST OF THE WAY IS UP TO ME!



Then...AS THE HIDEOUS PROWLERS DRAW CLOSER...

ONDOK! I PROWLED AHEAD, MASTER...FOR THE HONOR OF CAPTURING YOUR WEREWOLF BRIDE!



A MOMENT LATER...

OH!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY...IT'S ME! HERE'S WHERE YOU'VE GOT TO PUT A BRAKE ON YOUR NERVES...BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO FACE THEM!



AHH...LET ME CLAIM HER NOW! LET ME STIR HER MEMORY OF A FORGOTTEN PAST...LET ME REMIND HER OF THE MARK OF ONDOK!

WE MUST REACH A PLACE OF SAFETY FIRST! FOLLOW ME, ONDOK! TONIGHT I BROUGHT YOU HER...AND TONIGHT I WILL BRING YOU BOTH TO A HAVEN WHERE HORROR CAN RULE!



THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS...WITH SHADED WINDOWS STARING BLANKLY AT THE SHAGGY WAYFARERS...

THIS IS THE WAY, ONDOK! THERE IS HOLLOW SILENCE BELOW...AND COLD SLIME GLISTENING IN THE MURKY MILES!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I...I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY PROMISE, LARRY...BUT MY KNEES ARE BEGINNING TO BUCKLE!

HONEY...YOU'VE GOT TO STEEL YOURSELF FOR THE PAYOFF! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...JUST A FEW MORE YARDS!







LARRY... I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T STAY WITH THEM!

THERE'S NO CHOICE, SWEETHEART... UNLESS YOU WANT TO STAY WITH THEM PERMANENTLY!



WHAT A LAIR WE HAVE FOUND... WHAT A NIGHT OF SURPRISES!

YES, ONDOK... WHAT A LAIR... AND WHAT A SURPRISE!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

YE GODS... MY MASK!

A-HAA!

PLOP!



LARRY REACHES DESPERATELY TOWARD THE TRAP DOOR...

ARRRGH!



POW!

O.K., FREAKS... THE MASQUERADE'S OVER... BUT THE PARTY'S JUST BEGINNING!



CANISA! GRAB THE RAIL... AND PULL YOURSELF UP TO THE CAT-WALK!

WAM!



AS THE CLICK OF SCURRY-LING PAWS SOUNDS FROM ABOVE...

WOLVES, EH? BUT YOU WILL BE NEAREST THAT OPENING... YOU WILL BE THE ONE THEY RIP APART WHILE WE ESCAPE!

CRASH!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

GARRRRH!

NOT A CHANCE, CREEP! NO WOLF'S GOING TO BOTHER WITH HUMAN PREY...WHEN IT COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE CREATURES THAT HAVE BEEN ITS DEADLIEST RIVALS SINCE TIME BEGAN!

POW!



LARRY, I CAN'T STAND IT...ONE HORROR AFTER ANOTHER!

IT'S JUST ABOUT OVER, HONEY! ONDOK'S BEEN TORN APART...AND NOW THAT HIS SPELL IS ENDED, THE WEREWOLVES ARE CHANGING INTO HARMLESS PHANTOMS!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

DARLING, IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE FATHER'S BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY WHEN WE'RE MARRIED... BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND HIS JOURNAL FOR 1941!

WHO KNOWS, CANIS...MAYBE THAT'S THE WAY HE WANTED IT! A BLANK--A GAP... SOMETHING THAT FLAMED IN HORROR FOR A LITTLE WHILE--AND WENT UP IN SMOKE!



THE END!  
10



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE  
BEACH BARRAGE"

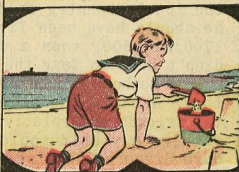


U.S. ROYAL  
AND THE  
BIKE CLUB  
BOYS WATCH  
FROM A SAFE  
DISTANCE AS A  
GROUP OF  
NAVY  
DESTROYERS  
AND  
CRUISERS  
STEAM IN FOR  
FIRING  
PRACTICE ...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,  
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN  
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY  
DOWN A BARRAGE ON  
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

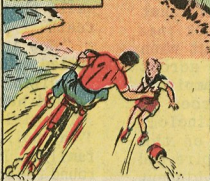
BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,  
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS  
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE  
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET  
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!  
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID  
IN THE  
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL  
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET  
AREA AND --



PHIEWW! LUCKY FOR US. I MADE  
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE BOYS WERE  
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE  
GOT TO THE  
RADIO-ROOM,  
WE HEARD THE  
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL  
RIGHT, BOYS...AND  
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY  
WAS AVOIDED --  
THANKS  
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
YOU MEAN... THAT'S  
WHERE THE SPEED  
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU  
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES  
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY  
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S  
EXTRA MILEAGE IN  
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS ...  
FIRM FOOTING...AND PERFECT  
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-  
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH  
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID  
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT  
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



**U.S. ROYAL**  
BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# Vampire's VICTIM

THE TIMES just weren't right for vampires, Rudolf thought bitterly as he drove his car up the lonely country road. Yes, he should have been living in 1700 or 1800, when a vampire didn't have to fear the modern police methods of the 20th century. Back in the olden days, the friends and relatives of a vampire's victim would never dare dream of hunting out the vampire and seeking vengeance... instead, they'd merely bolt their doors and cower in terror in the darkness, praying that the vampire would not pick *them* as his next victims. But when policemen of 1951 came across the white corpse of a vampire's victim, all the resources of modern science and criminology were brought to bear on the case...and the poor vampire had to flee and skulk in his hideout like a common, despicable thief!

Even Rudolf, the most cautious and cunning vampire of recent years, was now a fugitive from the police of eighteen states. His fingerprints, footprints, even teeth-marks, were on file in practically every police headquarters. That was why Rudolf was now driving along the lonely country lane looking for a potential victim. No city or town was safe for him now, not with all those "WANTED" circulars flooding the centers of crime enforcement.

Yes, from now on, he knew, he would have to lead a fugitive's life, living only in the thinly-populated rural areas, where the local police were less informed

and efficient than their city colleagues. And he'd have to be very careful about his choice of victims...he'd have to rely on hoboes, wanderers, hitch-hikers...those without families or friends who would raise a hue and cry upon the disappearance or death of his victims.

Rudolf's burning, hungry eyes lit up suddenly as he spied the hitch-hiker down the road, thumbing for a ride. It was a girl... lovely and healthy-looking, with dark features and a flashing smile that showed strong white teeth.

"Hop in," Rudolf said as he pulled to a halt in front of her. "Visiting friends or relatives around here?"

The girl laughed, charmingly. "Oh, no...I have no friends or family...I'm just wandering around the country! But how about you...do you live around here?"

Rudolf smiled, an exultance welling up within his chest as he knew he had found the perfect victim...someone whose disappearance would not be noticed, whose death would not be mourned!

"No," he said, "I guess I'm a wanderer, just like you...we have at least that much in common. No family, no friends, no... Yaaaghhh!"

As the girl struck like a serpent, Rudolf knew, in his dying moment, that they had one *more* thing in common...and that *he* was about to become the victim of a vampire who had been wandering around the countryside for the same purpose!



# "True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

The GHOSTLY ARMY of BETHUNE

EARLY IN 1918, THE GERMAN ARMIES MADE A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK NEAR THE SMALL BELGIAN TOWN OF BETHUNE... AND THE ALLIED LINES WERE SPLIT WIDE OPEN! ONLY A SMALL SQUAD OF BRITISH RIFLEMEN WERE LEFT BEHIND TO STEM THE VAST HUN HORDES...

WE CAN'T STOP 'EM... BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING! FIX BAYONETS!



BUT SUDDENLY, AN ARMY OF GHOSTLY CAVALRY SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE IN FRONT OF THE GERMANS... AN ARMY CLAD IN WHITE, ALL MOUNTED ON WHITE HORSES WHOSE LEGS NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND!

HIMMEL... WAS IST?



WHILE THE KAISER'S MEN GAPED IN PETRIFIED ASTONISHMENT, THE GHOSTLY CAVALRY CHARGED!



FINALLY REGAINING THEIR SENSES, THE GERMANS POURED A TERRIFIC CONCENTRATION OF SHELL AND SHOT INTO THE RANKS OF THE GHOSTLY RIDERS... BUT NOT A WHITE HORSEMAN FELL!

BLAM!

BOOM!



THEN THE PRIDE OF THE KAISER'S ARMIES TURNED TAIL AND FLED IN SHEER TERROR... AND THE ALLIES WERE SAVED BY THE GHOSTLY ARMY OF BETHUNE! WERE THEY A FIGMENT OF THE FOG... OR...?

MSK



The END

# Extra! GOOD NEWS!

## "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!"

...NOW PUBLISHED **MONTHLY!**



YOU'VE BESEEKED US, BOMBARD-  
ED US WITH REQUESTS TO PUB-  
LISH MORE FREQUENTLY... AND  
NOW WE'VE DONE IT! YOU'LL  
BE ABLE TO BUY AMERICA'S  
FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE  
SUPERNATURAL EVERY MONTH  
NOW... WHICH MEANS TWICE AS  
MUCH GOOD READING! TWICE  
AS MANY THRILLS AND CHILLS  
FROM THE CHALLENGING COMIC'S  
MAGAZINE THAT'S TAKEN AMER-  
ICA BY STORM! TWICE AS  
MANY GASPS FROM A GRIP-  
PING GALAXY OF GHOSTS,  
VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES,  
ZOMBIES... PRESENTED EACH  
MONTH FOR YOUR ENTER-  
TAINMENT!

Read THIS GREAT MAGAZINE FOR  
OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS  
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN... FOR A THRILL-  
TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER  
FOREVER! IT'S ALL IN...

## 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!'

Now PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY.

**10¢** ON ALL  
STANDS





# The MONSTER DOLL

I'VE COME FOR YOU,  
MY LOVE! AND I'LL  
GIVE YOU THE GIFT  
OF ETERNAL  
LIFE!

ALICE APLANE...  
HANGED FOR  
MURDER...  
OCT. 17, 1853. MAY  
GOD HAVE MERCY  
ON HER SOUL.

OVER THE YEARS, A SHADOW  
FELL ACROSS THE LIVES OF  
MANY MEN... THE SINISTER,  
SWAYING SHADOW OF A NAMED  
WOMAN! ALWAYS IN ITS WAKE  
CAME MADNESS AND DEATH!  
WAS SHE SHADOW OR SUB-  
STANCE? DID SHE LIVE... OR  
WAS SHE SOME DREAD CREA-  
TURE FROM OUT OF THE  
UNKNOWN? IT REMAINED  
FOR ONE MAN... TO HIS UN-  
DYING GORROW... TO DIS-  
COVER THE TRUTH ABOUT  
THE MONSTER DOLL!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN 1951... THE OFFICE  
OF THE GOVERNOR OF AN EASTERN STATE...

SO... FELLOWS PUT THE BLANK  
PARDON ON MY DESK AFTER  
ALL! AFTER I TOLD HIM  
PLAINLY THAT I HAVE NO  
INTENTION OF PARDON-  
ING THAT KILLER!

FELLOWS!  
WILL YOU  
STEP IN  
HERE,  
PLEASE?

THE DAILY SUN  
PRESCOTT TO DIE  
AT MIDNIGHT

FELLOWS! AS  
CHAIRMAN OF THE  
STATE PAROLE BOARD,  
YOU SHOULD KNOW  
THAT WHEN I REFUSE  
A PARDON I MEAN  
IT! THIS MAN IS  
GUILTY AS...

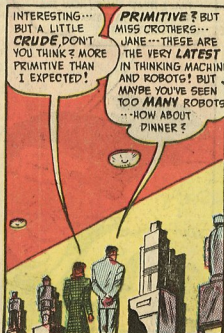
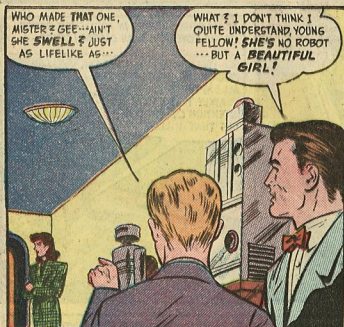
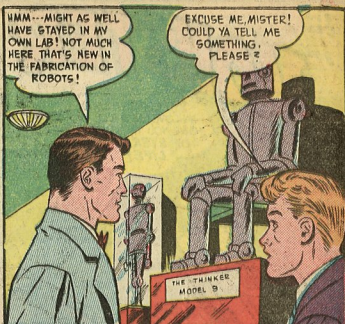
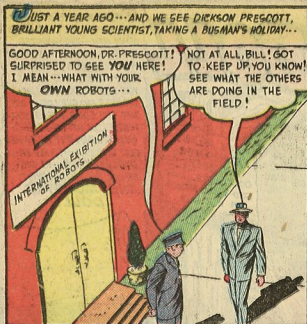
MAYBE,  
GOVERNOR!  
BUT I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
HERE I  
WANT YOU  
TO SEE!

I THOUGHT PRESCOTT WAS GUILTY  
...TILL I READ THIS! NOW I'M  
NOT SO SURE! I THINK YOU  
SHOULD LISTEN, SIR!

Diary  
of  
Dickson Prescott

WELL...NATURALLY  
I WANT TO GIVE  
THE MAN EVERY  
CHANCE! BUT  
HURRY...HE'S TO  
DIE IN AN  
HOUR!

THE WHOLE STORY  
IS IN THIS DIARY, SIR!  
I'VE INVESTIGATED IT,  
AND IT'S UTTERLY  
FANTASTIC...BUT IT  
MIGHT BE TRUE!  
LET'S GO BACK A  
YEAR IN THE  
ENTRIES...





**A FEW WEEKS LATER, DICKSON PRESCOTT AND JANE CROTHERS WERE MARRIED! AFTER THE HONEYMOON---**

IT'S BACK TO WORK FOR ME, DARLING! AFTER ALL, THE CYBERNETICS FOUNDATION EXPECTS RESULTS ON THE ROBOTS I DEVISE!

AND AT LAST I GET TO SEE THIS MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF YOURS!

DOCTOR PRESCOTT! DICKSON! OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK!

HELLO, SUE! THIS IS MY WIFE, JANE!

DICKSON TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME, SUE! SAYS HE COULDN'T RUN THE LAB WITHOUT HIS IN-VALUABLE ASSISTANT!

I ALMOST FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DICKSON! THIS LETTER CAME SOME TIME AGO! IT LOOKS IMPORTANT---BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOUR HONEYMOON!

LET'S SEE IT, SUE!

WHY---IT'S FROM ALAN MACCAMPBELL IN SCOTLAND! AND LISTEN TO THIS! HE THINKS HE'S DISCOVERED A CLUE TO A **ROBOT MADE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!**

A---A HUNDRED YEARS? IS THAT POSSIBLE?

ALAN'S TALKING ABOUT THE BULMERE ROBOT--- BUT THAT'S ONLY A MYTH! STILL, I'M BETTING HE HAS **SOMETHING!** I'LL HAVE TO GO TO GLASGOW AT ONCE!

BUT, DICKSON, YOUR **WIFE!** YOU CAN'T JUST RUN OFF AND---

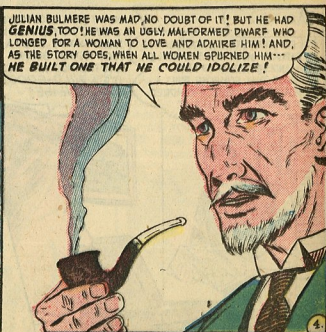
**THAT NIGHT---**

YOU DO UNDERSTAND, JANE? ALAN IS AN EXPERT---MUCH MORE SO THAN I AM---AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE EVIDENCE THAT SOMEONE BUILT A **PERFECT ROBOT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!** I MUST GO AT ONCE!

I WON'T SAY I LIKE IT, DARLING! I **DON'T!** AFTER ALL, HOW COULD ANYONE BUILD A PERFECT ROBOT BEFORE ELECTRONICS WAS KNOWN? IT'S A **WILD-GOOSE CHASE!**

HOWEVER---GO CHASE YOUR WILD GOOSE AND THEN HURRY BACK TO ME! MEANTIME, I'LL TRY MY BEST TO LEARN TO LIKE THAT FUNNY LITTLE LAB ASSISTANT OF YOURS!

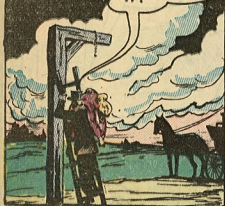
**SUE?** OH, YOU TWO WILL GET ALONG JUST FINE! SHE'S A TREASURE!





**B**UT HE NEEDED A WOMAN'S BODY TO SERVE AS THE FRAMEWORK FOR THIS STRANGE DEVICE HE HAD PLANNED! A HANGED MURDERESS ANSWERED THAT NEED!

THERE, MY LOVELY! MY GENIUS WILL MAKE YOU LIVE AGAIN... I SWEAR IT!



THEY WOULD HANG ME TOO IF THEY CAUGHT ME! BUT THEY WON'T! THE FOOLS... HOW COULD THEY GUESS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE CITY AND MY LABORATORY! AND IF I SUCCEED... BUT I WILL! I MUST!

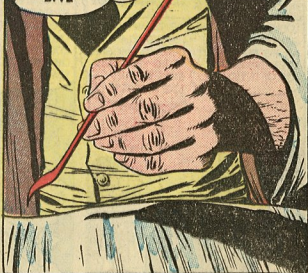


**L**ATER THAT NIGHT, ACCORDING TO BULMERE'S NOTES, HE BEGAN HIS FANTASTIC EXPERIMENT...

SOON NOW, MY DEAR! **SOON!** AND THEN POOR, MAD, UGLY JULIAN BULMERE WILL HAVE AN INCOMPARABLE COMPANION! ONE WHO CAN NEVER LEAVE HIM... **NEVER!**

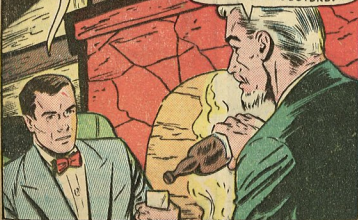


YOU CAN FEEL NOTHING! BUT SOON YOU BREATHE... **LIVE...**



I NEVER TIRE OF THAT STORY! BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THAT... A STORY WRITTEN BY A MADMAN TO AMUSE HIMSELF!

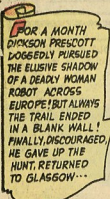
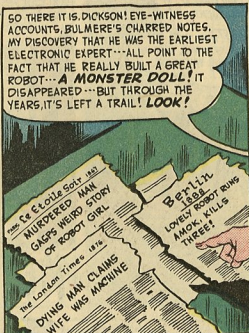
SO DID WE ALL... AND IT STILL MAY BE THE CASE! BUT I HAVE POSITIVE PROOF NOW THAT BULMERE DID WORK IN ELECTRONICS, IN THINKING MACHINES... WORK THAT WAS **FAR BEYOND HIS TIME!** NOW, TAKE THIS NEXT NOTATION OF HIS THAT I DISCOVERED...



YOU SEE? **AMY MATTHEWS... ALICE MCCLANE!** THE SAME INITIALS AS THE GIRL WHOSE BODY DISAPPEARED FROM THE GIBBET AND WAS NEVER FOUND! AND HE SAYS HE **CREATED HER...** CALL'S HER A **MONSTER DOLL!** NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BULMERE BUILT A GREAT ROBOT... **BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT?**

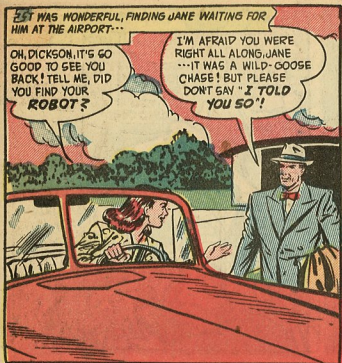


*Amy Matthews is my masterpiece... but what have I created? a monster... a monster doll...*



?







GET AWAY! NO... I THINK I'LL DO IT NOW! AG I SHOULD HAVE DONE LONG AGO... WITH MY BARE HANDS!

NO! PLEASE... I'LL GO! DON'T...



OH! SHE'S... FALLEN!

IN A FRENZY OF RAGE, JANE LUNGED... GLIPPED... AND...

AH-HHH...



SHE MAY BE... BADLY HURT! I'D BETTER CALL DICKSON AT THE CONFERENCE, THEN TAKE SOME X-RAYS ON OUR OWN MACHINE! THAT WILL SAVE TIME...



SHE SUMMONED PRESCOTT, THEN TOOK X-RAYS OF THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN! BUT WHEN SHE EXAMINED THEM...

THERE MUST BE... SOME MISTAKE! THESE CAN'T BE THE PLATES... IT'S... TOO INCREDIBLE, TOO HORRIBLE! BUT WAIT A MINUTE! THIS WOULD EXPLAIN SO MUCH! THESE SHOW THAT...



BEHIND HER CAME A STEALTHY SOUND... THE LAST SHE EVER HEARD!

ARGH!



AND WHEN DICKSON PRESCOTT RETURNED...

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED? NOT... NOT MY WIFE!

NO SIR! BUT IT'S MURDER! YOUR LAB ASSISTANT, MISS JACKSON! YOUR WIFE FOUND THE BODY AND CALLED US...



JANE! JANE, DARLING! WHAT...

OH, DICKSON! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE! IT WAS TRAGIC, HORRIBLE! I WAS ASLEEP UPSTAIRS AND HEARD A NOISE! WHEN I CAME DOWN, I FOUND HER STRANGLED!





**DICKSON PRESCOTT WAS ARRESTED, ACCUSED OF MURDER! WHILE AWAITING TRIAL, HE SENT A CABLEGRAM...AND RECEIVED A STUNNING ANSWER!**

**ALAN MACCAMPBELL...DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK! THE ONE WITNESS WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED ME!**



**AND AT HIS TRIAL...**

**YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE, MR. PRESCOTT?**

**HOW CAN I TELL THEM I MARRIED A ROBOT...AND THEN DESTROYED HER? THEY'D SEND ME TO THE INSANE ASYLUM...AND I'D RATHER DIE!**



**I'LL TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, WHY THE PRISONER DOES NOT TALK! HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY! HE KNOWS HE IS GUILTY! I DEMAND THE EXTREME PENALTY!**



**YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! IT IS THEREFORE MY DUTY TO IMPOSE A SENTENCE OF DEATH ON YOU! YOU WILL BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE AND...**

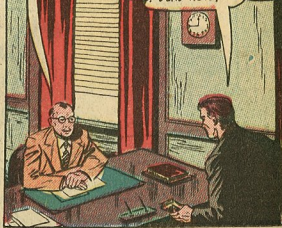
**HOW STRANGE ALL THIS SEEMS! SOME JUDGE MUST HAVE SAID ALMOST THE SAME WORDS TO ALICE McLANE...A CENTURY AGO, BEFORE BULMERE RESURRECTED HER AS THE MONSTER DOLL! NOW THEY'RE HANGING ME FOR HER DEATH!**



**WHAT WAS THE STORY OF DICKSON PRESCOTT, AS TOLD TO THE GOVERNOR BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE PAROLE BOARD! WHEN THE STORY WAS ENDED, THERE WAS A SHORT, TENSE SILENCE IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE! THEN...**

**FANTASTIC! DO YOU BELIEVE THIS...THIS CRAZY YARN?**

**I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, SIR! BUT I INVESTIGATED! I CABLED SCOTLAND AND THEY BORE OUT SOME OF THE FACTS! PRESCOTT DID VISIT THERE, AND THERE WAS AN ALAN MACCAMPBELL! DEAD NOW!**



**BLAST IT, FELLOWS! DO YOU REALIZE THE LEGAL QUESTION ALL THIS RAISES? IF PRESCOTT IS INNOCENT, I CAN'T LET HIM DIE. OF COURSE! I'LL ADMIT I'M STUMPED!**

**BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND, SIR! HE HAS ONLY TEN MINUTES LEFT!**



**TEN MINUTES! THE PAPER IS WAITING, THE INK IS ON THE PEN! THE PRECIOUS SECONDS OF A MAN'S LIFE TICK AWAY! IS DICKSON PRESCOTT GUILTY OF MURDER? CAN YOU MURDER A ROBOT... A MONSTER DOLL? WOULD YOU SIGN THE PARDON, READER?**



*Announcing*

# OPERATION: PERIL



... NEWEST AND GREATEST  
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE  
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NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH  
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE  
AT ITS BEST!

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NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF  
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE  
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

# OPERATION: PERIL

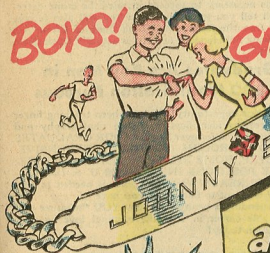
**10¢**  
ON ALL  
STANDS

**BOYS!**

**GIRLS!**

**HURRY! - BE THE FIRST TO OWN  
THIS BEAUTIFUL**

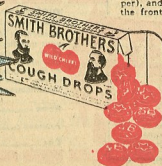
**IDENTIFICATION  
BRACELET!**



**with  
YOUR OWN NAME  
and BIRTHSTONE!**  
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

**ONLY  
25¢**

**WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY  
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Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,  
P.O. Box 557, Providence, R.I.



Here's all you do! Fill in coupon below (or use sheet of paper), and send in with 25¢ and the front cover of any Smith Brothers box for beautiful bracelet finished in Nickel Silver! Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Supply is limited - so hurry!

Please print information below (use pencil) and send to: Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 557, Providence, R.I.

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(Limit - 34 letters)

Do you want birthstone? ☐ YES ☐ NO

If Yes, give month of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Wrist Size Large ☐ Small ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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Health

Age

How do you Measure Up?

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GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES?**

to become a  
**Criminal Investigator  
Finger Print Expert?**

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at our Expense

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Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime" and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name

Address  RFD or Zone

City  State  Age



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."  
—R. F., South Africa

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded." —F. S., New York

"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."  
—W. G., New Jersey

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."  
—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into

# REAL HE-MEN

Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day  
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a  
Real He-Man  
You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"  
—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.  
"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 150 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."  
—J. N. H., British West Indies

Makes Track Team—  
Called "Perfect Build"  
"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"  
—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better  
Through Dynamic Tension  
"The benefits are wonderful! My arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."  
—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with I enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—  
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

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*Charles Atlas*

Holder of title,  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
Developed Man."

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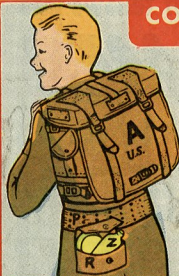
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